

*Scots Poems*  
1006

THE  
U N I O N:  
OR  
S E L E C T  
*SCOTS* and *ENGLISH*  
P O E M S.

— *Dubiam facientia carmina palmam.* Juv.

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M.DCC.LIII.



## P R E F A C E.

AS the mind of man is ever fond of variety, nothing seems better calculated to entertain, than a judicious collection of the smaller (tho' not on that account less-labour'd) productions of eminent poets: an entertainment not unlike that which we receive from surveying a finish'd landschape, or well-dispos'd piece of shell-work: where each particular object, tho' singly beautiful, and sufficiently striking by itself, receives an additional charm, thus (as Milton expresses it) SWEETLY INTERCHANG'D.

The first miscellaneous collection of poems, that ever appear'd in Great-Britain with any reputation, is that publish'd by Mr Dryden: which was afterwards continued by Tonson. There are many pieces of the highest merit in this collection, by Dryden, Denham, Creech, Drayton, Garth, Marvell, and many others; yet the compilers, it is evident, were not always sufficiently scrupulous and cautious in their choice, as several pieces are admitted, among the rest, which would otherwise utterly have perished, and which had no other recommendation than that they served to swell the volume. Since this, many miscellanies have been published both in Scotland and England: to enumerate which would be no less tedious than useless. It will be sufficient to remark, that thro'

## P R E F A C E.

want of care or judgment in their respective editors they are all forgotten, or neglected. From these the miscellany known by the name of Mr. Pope perhaps ought to be excepted ; tho' that, indeed, cannot properly be styl'd a collection of poems by different hands, which is such a one as we are speaking of at present ; the greater part consisting of pieces by Mr. Pope only. The best miscellany at this day extant in our language, and the first complete one of the kind which we have seen, is that lately publish'd at London by R. Dodsley, which boasts the greatest names of the present age among its contributors.

As to the poetical collection here exhibited to the public, we apprehend it challenges no small degree of regard, as it was made under the immediate inspection and conduct of several very ingenious gentlemen, whose names it would do us the highest honour to mention ; and as it contains a variety not to be found even in the admirable collection last spoken of ; I mean the Intermixture of poems both Scotch and English. Nor is this variety less agreeable than useful ; as from it, we have an opportunity of forming a comparison and estimate of the taste and genius of the two different nations, in their poetical compositions.

It will be necessary to take notice, that our chief care has been to furnish out the following miscellany with those pieces (regard being first had to real merit)

## P R E F A C E.

which have laid unknown and unobserv'd from their MANNER of publication ; several of them having been printed by themselves, and so perished as it were for want of bulk, and others lost amid the rubbish of collections injudiciously made, and perhaps not easily to be met with. Nor will it be improper to mention, that in order to render our volume still more complete, we have had the favour of some original poems, written by a late member of the university of Aberdeen, whose modesty would not permit us to print his name : and from these ingenious essays, the public may be enabled to form some judgment beforehand of a poem of a nobler and more important nature, which he is now preparing. Nor must we forget to return our public thanks to this gentleman, for the service he has been to us, not only in making this collection more excellent by his own contributions, but in selecting such pieces of others as were suitable to our design.

Warton

It is hoped that the ancient Scottish poems (amongst which THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE, and HARDYKNUTE are more particularly distinguished) will make no disagreeable figure among those of modern date ; and that they will produce the same effect here, as Mr. Pope observes a moderate use of old words may have in a poem ; which (adds he) is like working old abbey-stones into a modern building, and which I have sometimes seen practised with good success.

## P R E F A C E.

Upon the whole, as we have been favour'd with the best assistance in compiling this volume, no further apology is necessary; and as the approbation of the public has been already secured to these poems separately, we hope they have no less reason to claim it when thus published together.

# C O N T E N T S.

	Page
The Thistle and the Rose, by W. Dunbar	1
Verses on the Death of Queen Caroline, By Mr. Shipley	10
The Genealogy of Christ, by Mr Lowth	13
A Fragment, by Mr Mallet	24
The Eagle and Robin Red-Breast, a Fable, by Archibald Scott, Written before the Year 1600.	28
Ode to Fancy, by Mr Joseph Warton	31
Ode to Evening, by the same	37
Ode to Evening, by Mr Collins	39
Ifis an Elegy, by Mr Mason of Cambridge	42
The Triumph of Ifis, by Mr Thomas Warton of Oxford	47
A Love Elegy, by Mr Hammond	47
The Tears of Scotland, 1746.	62
An Elegy written in a country church-yard, by Mr Grey	65
On the Death of Prince Frederic. Written at Paris, by David Lord Viscount Stormont	70
On the same, by Mr James Clitherow of Oxford	75
Ode on the approach of Summer, by a Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen	81
A Pastoral in the manner of Spenser, from Theocritus, Idyll. 20. By the same	93
Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water	95
Love Elegy, by Mr Smallet	96

## C O N T E N T S.

Chorusses from Elfrida a Tragedy, by Mr Mason.	
Chorus I. Ode to the Morning	98
Chorus II. Ode on Content	100
Chorus III. On Constancy	103
Chorus IV. On Truth	105
Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson, by Mr Collins	108
The Child-Birth, In the Manner of Gay	111
On a Lady's presenting a Sprig of Myrtle to a Gentleman, by Mr Hammond	117
To a Young Lady with Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds	118
A Song	120
Part of the Prologue to Sir David Lyndesay's Dream. Written in the Reign of King James V,	121
Hardyknute, A Fragment	124
Ode. By Dr Akynsfe, On Lyric Poetry	139

A POEM IN HONOUR OF

M A R G A R E T

DAUGHTER TO

HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND,

QUEEN TO

JAMES IV. KING OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

The THISTLE and the ROSE,  
O'er flowers and herbage green,  
By Lady Nature chose,  
Brave King and lovely Queen.

I.

WHEN March with varying winds was overpast,  
And sweet April had with his silver showers  
Ta'n leave of Nature, with an orient blast,  
And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,  
Had made the birds begin by tymous hours ;  
Among the tender odours red and white,  
Whose harmony to her was great delight.

\*

B

2 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

II.

In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,  
Methought Aurora with her ruby eue,  
In at my window looked by the day,  
And halsit me, with visage pale and green ;  
Upon her hand a lark sang frae the spleen,  
“ Lovers, awake out of your slumbering.  
“ See how the lusty morning does upspring.”

III.

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,  
In weed depainted of ilk diverse hue,  
Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,  
In bright attire of flowers, all forged new,  
Of heavenly colour, white, red, brown and blue,  
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus’ beams,  
While all the house illumin’d with her leams.

IV.

Sluggard, she said, awake anon for shame,  
And in mine honour something thou go write ;  
The lark has done, the merry day proclaim,  
Lovers to raiſe with comfort and delight ;  
Will nouȝt increase thy courage to indite,  
Whose heart sometime has glad and blissful been,  
Songs oft to make, under the branches green ?

V.

Whereto, quoth I, shall I uprise at morrow,  
For in thy month few birds have I heard sing,  
They have more cause to weep and plain their  
forrow :

## THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

3

Thy air it is not wholsome nor benign,  
Lord Eolus does in thy season ring,  
So bousteous are the blasts of his shrill horn,  
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborn.

### VI.

With that the lady soberly did smile,  
And said, uprise and do thy observance:  
Thou did promise in May's lusty while,  
Then to describe the ROSE of most pleasance.  
Go see the birdis how they sing and dance,  
And how the skies illumined are bright,  
Enamell'd richly with new azure light.

### VII.

When this was said, away then went the Queen,  
And enter'd in a lusty garden gent;  
And then methought, full hastily beseen,  
In fark and mantle after her I went  
Into this garth most dulce and redolent,  
Of herb and flow'r, and tender plants most sweet,  
And the green leaves doing of dew down sleit.

### VIII.

The purple sun, with tender rayis red,  
In orient bright as Angel did appear,  
Thro' golden skies advancing up his head,  
Whose gilded tresses shone so wondrous clear,  
That all the world took comfort far and near,  
To look upon his fresh and blissful face,  
Doing all fable frae the Heavens chace.

B 2

## 4 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

### IX.

And as the blissful sun drove up the sky,  
All nature sang thro' comfort of the light,  
The minstrels wing'd, with open voices cry,  
“ O Lovers now is fled the dully night,  
“ Come welcome day, that comforts ev'ry wight ;  
“ Hail May ! hail Flora ! hail Aurora sheen,  
“ Hail Princess Nature ! hail love's hartsome Queen !

### X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibition there,  
To Neptune fierce, and Eolus the bold,  
Not to perturb the water or the air,  
That neither blashy shower, nor blasts more cold  
Should flow'r's affray nor fowls upon the fold.  
She bade eke Juno, Goddess of the sky,  
That she the heav'n should keep amene and dry.

### XI.

Also ordain'd that every bird and beast  
Before her Highness should anon compear ;  
And every flow'r of virtue most and least,  
And every herb of fair field far and near,  
As they had wont in May from year to year ;  
To her their Queen to make obedience,  
Full low inclining with due reverence.

### XII.

With that anon she sent the swift foot Roe,  
To bring in alkind beast from dale and down ;  
The restless swallow order'd she to go,

## THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE. 5

And fetch all fowl of great and small renown,  
And to gar flow'rs appear of all fassoun :  
Full craftily conjured she the Yarrow,  
Which did forth swirk as swift as any arrow.

### XIII.

All brought in were in twinkling of an eye,  
Both beast and bird and flow'r before the Queen ;  
And first the Lion, greatest of degree,  
Was summon'd there ; and he, fair to be seen,  
With a full hardy countenance and keen,  
Before Dame Nature came, and did incline,  
With visage bold, and courage leonine.

### XIV.

This awful beast was terrible of chear,  
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,  
Right strong of corps, of fashion fair, but fear,  
Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,  
Red of his colour, as the ruby glance :  
In field of gold he stood full rampantly,  
With flow'r-de-lyces circled pleasantly.

### XV.

This Lady lifted up his claws so clear,  
And lute him lilyly lean upon her knee,  
And crowned him with diadem full deer,  
Of radious stones most royal there to see,  
Saying the King of all beasts make I thee ;  
And the protector chief in woods and shaws,  
Go forth, and to thy lieges keep the laws.

## 6 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

### XVI.

Justice exerce, with mercy and conscience,  
And let no small beast suffer skaith or scorns  
Of greater beasts, that been of more puissance ;  
Do law alike to Apes and Unicorns,  
And let no Bugle with his bouteous horns  
Oppres the meek plough Ox, for all his pride,  
But in the yoke go quietly him beside.

### XVII.

When this was said, with noise and sound of joy,  
All kind of Quadrupeds in their degree,  
At once cry'd LAUD, and then VIVE LE ROY ;  
Then at his feet fell with humility ;  
To him they all paid homage and fealty ;  
And he did them receive with princely laits,  
Whose noble ire his greatness mitigates.

### XVIII.

Then crowned she the Eagle King of fowls ;  
And sharp as darts of steel she made his pens,  
And bade him be as just to Whawps and Owls,  
As unto Peacocks, Papingoes, or Cranes,  
And make one Law for Wicht Fowls and for Wrens,  
And let no fowl of rapine do affray,  
Nor birds devour, but his own proper prey.

### XIX.

Then called she all flow'rs grew in the field,  
Describing all their fashions and effeirs,  
Upon the awful THISTLE she beheld,

## THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

7

And saw him guarded with a bush of spears,  
Considering him so able for the wars,  
A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,  
And said, in field go forth, and fend the laif.

### XX.

And since thou art a King, be thou discreet,  
Herb without value hold not of such price,  
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet;  
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,  
Her fellow with the goodly Flow'r-de-lyce;  
Nor let no wild weed, full of churlishness,  
Compare her to the Lilly's nobleness.

### XXI.

Nor hold none other flow'r in such dainty  
As the fresh ROSE, of colour red and white;  
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty,  
Considering that no flow'r is so perfyte,  
So full of pleasaunce, virtue, and delight;  
So full of blissful angelic beauty,  
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.

### XXII.

Then to the ROSE she did her visage turn,  
And said, O lusty daughter most benign,  
Above the Lilly thou art illustrious born,  
From royal lineage rising fresh and young,  
But any spot, or macul doing sprung;  
Come bloom of joy, with richest gems be crown'd.  
For o'er the laif thy beauty is renown'd.

8 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

XXIII.

A costly crown with stones clarified bright,  
This comely Queen did in her head inclose,  
While all the land illumined of light ;  
Wherefore methought, the flow'rs did all rejoice,  
Crying at once, Hail to the fragrant ROSE !  
Hail Empress of the herbs ! fresh Queen of flow'rs !  
To thee be glore and honour at all hours.

XXIV.

Then all the birds they sang with voice on height,  
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear :  
The Mavys sang, Hail ROSE most rich and right,  
That does upflourish under Phebus' sphere,  
Hail plant of youth, hail prince's daughter dear,  
Hail blossom breaking out of blood royal,  
Whose precious virtue is imperial.

XXV.

The Merle she sang, Hail ROSE of most delight,  
Hail of all flow'rs the sweet and sov'reign Queen :  
The Lark she sang, hail ROSE both red and white,  
Most pleasant flow'r of mighty colours \* twain :  
Nightingals sang, hail Nature's suffragan,  
In beauty, nurture, and each nobleness,  
In rich array, renown, and gentleness.

\* Alluding to the Houses of YORK and LANCASTER, which were distinguished by the WHITE and RED ROSE, and united in the person of Queen MARGARET.

## THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE. 9

### XXVI.

The common voice uprose of warblers small,  
Upon this wise, " O blessed be the hour  
" That thou wast chose to be our principal,  
" Welcome to be our Princess crown'd with pow'r,  
" Our pearl, our pleasance, and our paramour,  
" Our peace, our play, our plain felicity:  
" Christ thee conserve from all adversity."

### XXVII.

Then all the concert sang with such a shout,  
That I anon awaken'd where I lay,  
And with a braid I turned me about  
To see this court, but all were gone away;  
Then up I lean'd me, halflings in affray,  
Call'd to my Muse, and for my subject chose  
To sing the royal THISTLE and the ROSE.

VERSES ON THE DEATH  
OF QUEEN  
CAROLINE.

BY MR. SHIPLEY.

O Blivion wraps not in her silent shade  
All human labours. Virtue blooms a flower,  
That Time's rough hand shall never violate.  
Still CAROLINE shall live in faithful verse,  
Sweet nurse of Memory, and in the voice  
Of grateful Britain. These shall testify  
How well her calm impartial rule supplied  
A Monarch's absence; these commemorate  
Her soul contemplative of peaceful Truth  
And nature, mindful midst the pomp of Courts  
Of wise retirement, and the silent grove.

She stretch'd thro' length'ning shades thy spa-  
cious walks,  
Delightful Richmond, and the terrass rais'd  
Of regal grandeur, whence the eye discerns  
Fair Thames with copious waters winding slow  
Midst pastures, spreading herds, and villages  
Of aspect neat, and villas wrapt in shades :  
air scene of cheerful peace! The lovely sight  
Frequent she view'd, and bless'd the honour'd reign

## ON THE LATE QUEEN.

11

Of her great Confort, provident and mild.  
Now wander'd musing thro' the darkning depth  
Of thickest woods, friendly to solemn thought:  
Now o'er broad lawns fair-op'ning to the sun.  
Nor midst her rural plans disdain'd to mix  
The useful arable, and waving corn  
With soft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,  
That half appears, in branching elms obscur'd.  
Here beauty dwells, assembled from the scenes  
Of various nature; such as oft inflam'd  
With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,  
Thessalian Tempe, or thy fav'rite soil,  
Arcadia, erst by awe-struck Fancy fill'd  
With wand'ring forms, the woodland Deities,  
Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly seen  
Quick glancing thro' the shade at close of eve,  
Great Pan, and old Silenus. Hither led  
By solitary grief shall GEORGE recall  
Th' endearing manners, the soft speech, that flow'd  
From his lov'd Confort, virtue mix'd with love,  
Prudence, and mild insinuating sense:  
But chief her thoughtful breast of counsels deep  
Capacious, nor unequal to the weight  
Of Government. Such was the royal mind  
Of wise ELIZA, name of loveliest found  
To British ears, and pattern fair to Kings:  
Or She who rules the Scepter of the North  
Illustrious, spreading o'er a barb'rous world

C 2

The light of arts and manners, and with arms  
Infests th' astonish'd Sultan, hardly now  
With scatter'd troops resisting; she drives on  
The heavy war, and shakes th' Imperial Throne  
Of old Byzantium. Latest time shall sound  
The praise of female genius. Oft shall GEORGE  
Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words  
To CAROLINE, thus oft lamenting sad.

“ Hail sacred shade! by me with endless woe  
“ Still honour'd! ever in my breast shall dwell  
“ Thy image, ever present to my soul  
“ Thy faithful love, in length of years mature:  
“ O skill'd t' enliven time, to soften care  
“ With looks and smiles and friendship's cheerful  
    voice!  
“ Anxious, of Thee bereft, a solitude  
“ I feel, that not the fond condoling cares  
“ Of our sad offspring can remove. Ev'n now  
“ With lonely steps I trace the gloomy groves,  
“ Thy lov'd recesses, studious to recall  
“ The vanish'd bliss, and cheat my wandring thoughts  
“ With sweet illusion. Yet I not accuse  
“ Heav'n's dispensation. Prosperous and long  
“ Have been my days, and not unknown to fame,  
“ That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to part  
“ The league of antient friendship, to resign  
“ The home-felt fondness, the secure delight,  
“ That reason nourish'd, and fair time approv'd.”

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW

OF WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL.

WRITTEN AT WINTON SCHOOL, BY MR. LOWTHE.

**A**T once to raise our rev'rence and delight,  
 To elevate the mind, and please the sight,  
 To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,  
 And waft the soul on wings of extacy ;  
 For this the painter's art with nature vies,  
 And bids the visionary saint arise ;  
 Who views the sacred forms, in thought aspires,  
 Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires ;  
 Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,  
 Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,  
 They check our pleasure with an awful fear ;  
 While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,  
 Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race ;  
 In raptures we admire thy bold design,  
 And, as the subject, own the hand divine.  
 While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,  
 So long shall last thine honour, praise, and name.

## 14 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

And may thy labours to the Muse impart  
Some emanation from her sister art,  
To animate the verse, and bid it shine  
In colours easy, bright, and strong, as Thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,  
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes ;  
The hoary fire Heav'n's guardian care demands,  
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.  
The form august and large, the mien divine  
Betray the \* founder of Messiah's line.  
Lo ! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,  
And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extends :  
Each limb productive of some hero springs,  
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.  
Th'eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,  
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is  
crown'd.

And lo ! the glories of th' illustrious line  
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,  
In DAVID all express'd ; the good, the great,  
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.  
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,  
And blends the prophet's, with the poet's fire.  
See ! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,  
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings !  
Hark----or our ears delude us----from his tongue  
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heav'nly song.

\* JESSE.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 15

Oh ! could thine art arrest the flitting sound,  
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound ,  
Could the warm sun, as erst when Mem non play'd,  
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade :  
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down ,  
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.

On either side the monarch's offspring shine ,  
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line .  
Here Ammon glories ; proud, incestuous lord !  
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword .  
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs ,  
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs .  
There Absolam the ravish'd sceptre sways ,  
And his stol'n honour all his shame displays :  
The base usurper Youth ! - who joins in one  
The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son .

Amid the royal race see Nathan stand :  
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand ;  
His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose ,  
And eloquence from every gesture flows .  
Such and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring  
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King :  
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart  
Shot thro' the trembling Monarch's conscious heart ;  
From his own lips condemn'd ; severe decree !  
Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He .  
But man with frailty is allay'd by birth ;  
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth :

## 16 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,  
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein :  
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran  
Some gross allays, some tincture of the man.

But who is he ?----deep-musing----in his mind,  
He seems to weigh, in reason's scales, mankind ;  
Fix'd contemplation holds his steady eyes----  
I know the \* sage, the wisest of the wise.  
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,  
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.  
And lo ! bright glitt'ring in his sacred hands,  
In miniature the glorious temple stands.  
Effulgent frame ! stupendous to behold !  
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.  
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enshrin'd,  
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd !  
Above th' unutterable glory plays  
Presence divine ! and the full streaming rays  
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign ;  
See the gay prince, injurious, proud and vain !  
'Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,  
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.  
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,  
A beardless Senate and a haughty King.

There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,  
Justice attends his peace, success his wars :

\* SOLOMON.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 17

While virtue was his sword, and heav'n his shield,  
Without controul the warrior swept the field ;  
Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,  
And half her swarthy Sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.  
But since thy flagging piety decay'd,  
And barter'd God's defence for human aid ;  
See their fair laurels wither on ' thy brow,  
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,  
Nor is heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but Thou. } }

No mean attonement does this lapse require ;  
But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire :  
He, \* the just prince----with ev'ry virtue bless'd,  
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd,  
Around his throne fair happineſs, and peace  
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.

As when along the burning waste he stray'd,  
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,  
Where drought, incumbent on the thirsty ground,  
Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around ;  
The † Prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair  
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.  
The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,  
Trickle luxurious through the fucking plain ;  
Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,  
And o'er the desart plenty pours her horn.

\*JOSAPHAT.

† ELISHA.

D

\*

18 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

So, from the throne his influence he sheds,  
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads :  
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,  
Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.  
See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,  
Great type of conquest, and supreme command ;  
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,  
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.  
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,  
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe,  
The pious hero vanquish'd Heaven by pray'r ;  
His faith an army, and his vows a war,  
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest,  
And thy day shone, in fairest actions dreſt ;  
Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,  
Unclean, the sacred office durſt invade,  
Quick, o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,  
And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious \* Son,  
The father's virtues with the father's throne.  
Lo ! there he stands : he, who the rage subdu'd  
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his ſword in blood.

And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,  
With thy base front, the glories of thy race ?

\* JOATHAM.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST, 19

See the vile King his iron sceptre bear----  
His only praise attends the pious \* Heir ;  
He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,  
The best good son, from the worst wicked sire.  
And lo ! in Hezekiah's golden reign,  
Long-exil'd Piety returns again ;  
Again in genuine purity she shines :  
And with her presence gilds the long-neglected  
shrines.

Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious † Lord  
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword ;  
His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrew,  
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.  
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,  
The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,  
Leant down from Heav'n : amid the storm he rode  
March'd Pestilence before him ; as he trod,  
Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood. }  
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he past,  
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast ;  
Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er,  
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.  
But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain  
Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain ?  
Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,  
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.

\* HEZEKIAH.      † SENNACHERIE.

D 2

20 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

Yet, see, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,  
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;  
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,  
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.  
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,  
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,  
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,  
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;  
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;  
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.

At length the long-expected Prince behold,  
The last good King; in ancient days foretold,  
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,  
Rent to it's base, at good Josiah's name.  
Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,  
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;  
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,  
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,  
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate;  
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,  
And anguish tears her, with convulsive sighs.  
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,  
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;  
Till he, \* Great Chief! in Heav'n's appointed time,  
Leads back her children, to their native clime.

\* ZEROBABEL.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 28

Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,  
And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.  
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,  
Again shalt lift sublime thy sacred head.  
But ah ! with weeping eyes, the ancients view  
A faint resemblance of the old in you.  
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God  
Speaks awful answers, from the mystic cloud :  
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,  
And Heav'n has left thy solitary shrine.  
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter, shalt thou see  
Presence immediate of the Deity,  
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd  
in Thee. }  
in Thee.

And now, at length, the fatal term of years  
The world's desire have brought, and lo ! the  
God appears.

The Heav'ly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,  
And her fond looks confess the parent's cares.  
The pleasing burthen on her breast she lays,  
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.  
The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,  
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.  
A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,  
And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now alas ! far other views disclose  
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.

## 22 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

See where man's voluntary sacrifice  
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies !  
Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,  
While copious Mercy streams from ev'ry wound.  
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,  
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn foul !  
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,  
Exult, and riot in the noblest prey.  
And can't thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,  
Nor share the anguish which He bears for Thee ?  
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,  
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn ;  
Can't thou ?---while nature smarts in ev'ry wound,  
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground !  
Lo ! the black sun, his chariot backward driv'n,  
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n :  
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,  
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.  
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,  
And the cold clay-clad dead, start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display,  
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.  
Thou, groaning earth shalt heave, absorpt in flame,  
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame ;  
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,  
Wrapt in full blaze of Power and Majesty,  
Ride on the clouds ; whilst, as his chariot flies,  
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 23.

Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,  
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow :  
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,  
And all man's arts and labour be no more.  
Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass  
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.  
And O ! till earth, and seas, and Heav'n decay,  
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away ;  
May winds and storms those beauteous colours  
spare,  
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,  
All the vain rage of wasting time repell,  
And his Tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so  
well.

## A

## F R A G M E N T.

BY MR. MALLETT.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyrs breath  
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;  
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,  
Of balmy smell, of healing power,  
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,  
And breathe fresh life in every gale.  
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,  
Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns:  
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,  
A mountain fades into the sky;  
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,  
A river rolls with sounding sweep.  
Of human art no traces near,  
I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred HEALTH!  
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth;  
The seasoning of all good below;  
The sovereign friend in joy or woe.

O Thou most courted, most despis'd,  
And but in absence duly priz'd !  
Power of the soft and rosy face !  
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,  
The spirits when they gayest shine,  
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !  
O sun of life ! whose heavenly ray  
Lights up, and chears, our various day,  
The turbulence of hopes and fears,  
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,  
Till Nature with thy parting light,  
Reposes late in Death's calm night :  
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,  
Abodes of splendid pain, and hate ;  
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,  
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,  
But tostes thro' the midnight shade,  
Of death, of life, alike afraid ;  
For ever fled to shady cell,  
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell ;  
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,  
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :  
Or on the brow of mountain high,  
In silence feasting ear and eye,  
With song and prospect, which abound  
From birds, and woods and waters round.  
But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,  
Flames forth intolerable day ;

While Heat sits fervent on the plain,  
With Thirst and Langour in his train ;  
(All nature sickening in the blaze)  
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,  
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,  
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
Where breathing Coolness has her seat,

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,  
Imagination lays him down ;  
Attentive in his airy mood,  
To every murmur of the wood :  
The bee in yonder flowery nook ;  
The chidings of the headlong brook ;  
The green leaf shivering in the gale ;  
The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;  
The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;  
The thunder of the falling oak.

From thought to thought in vision led,  
He holds high converse with the Dead ;  
Sages or Poets. See, they rise !  
And shadowy skim before his eyes.  
Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,  
That soften'd savages to men :  
Lo ! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,  
To whom its moral will was given.  
Fathers and friends of human kind !  
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

## A FRAGMENT.

27

With all that mends the head and heart,  
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade ;  
At once the sounding breeze was laid :  
And Nature, by the unknown law,  
Shook deep with reverential awe.  
Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;  
A browner night involv'd the bower :  
When issuing from the inmost wood,  
Appear'd fair Freedom's **GENIUS** good.  
O Freedom ! sovereign boon of Heaven ;  
Great Charter, with our being given ;  
For which the patriot, and the sage,  
Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age !  
High privilege of human race,  
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :  
Who could not give, who cannot claim,  
What but from God immediate came !

\* \* \* \* \*

E 2

THE  
E A G L E  
A N D  
ROBIN RED-BREAST.  
A FABLE.\*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE Prince of all the feather'd kind,  
That with spread wings out-flies the wind,  
And tow'rs far out of human sight  
To view the shining orb of light :  
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,  
And armed strong for stern debate,  
No tyrant is, but condescends  
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock  
To his high palace on a rock,  
The courtiers of ilk various size  
That swiftly swim in chrystal skies ;

\* Written before the year 1600,

Thither the valiant Tarfels doup,  
And here rapacious Corbies croup,  
With greedy Gleads and fly Gormahs,  
And dinsom Pyes, and chattering Dawes ;  
Proud Peacocks, and a hundred mae,  
Brush'd up their pens that solemn day,  
Bow'd first submissive to my Lord,  
Then took their places at his board.

Meantime while feasting on a fawn,  
And drinking blood from Lamies drawn,  
A tunesul ROBIN trig and young,  
Hard-by upon a burr-tree fung.  
He sang the E A G L E's royal line,  
His piercing eye, and right divine  
To sway out-owre the feather'd thrang,  
Who dread his martial bill and fang :  
His flight sublime, and eild renew'd,  
His mind with clemency endow'd ;  
In softer notes he sang his love,  
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The Monarch Bird with blitheness heard  
The chaunting little silvan Bard,  
Call'd up a Buzzard, who was then  
His favourite, and chamberlain.  
Swith to my treasury, quoth he,  
And to yon canty ROBIN gie  
As muckle of our current gear  
As may maintain him thro' the year ;

We can well spar't, and it's his due ;  
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,  
Straight to the branch where ROBIN sung,  
And with a wicked lying tongue,  
Said, ah ! ye sing so dull and rough,  
Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,  
His Majesty has a nice ear,  
And no more of your stuff can bear ;  
Poke up your pipes, be no more seen  
At court, I warn you, as a frien.

He spake, while ROBIN's swelling breast,  
And drooping wings his grief exprest ;  
The tears ran hopping down his cheek,  
Great grew his heart, he could not speak,  
No for the tinsel of reward :  
But that his notes met no regard,  
Strait to the shaw he spread his wing,  
Resolv'd again no more to sing,  
Where princely bounty is supprest  
By such with whom They are opprest ;  
Who cannot bear (because they want it)  
That ought should be to merit granted.

O D E  
T O  
F A N C Y.

BY THE REV. MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Parent of each lovely muse,  
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse!  
O'er all my artless songs preside,  
My footsteps to thy temple guide!  
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,  
In golden cups no costly wine;  
No murder'd fatling of the flock,  
But flowers and honey from the rock.  
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,  
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;  
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,  
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;  
Waving in thy snowy hand  
An all-commanding magic wand;  
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow  
'Mid clearless Lapland's barren snow;  
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,  
Thro' air, and over earth and sea:

While the vast various landscape lies  
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes ;  
O lover of the desart, hail !  
Say, in what deep and pathless vale ;  
Or on what hoary mountain's side,  
'Midst falls of water you reside :  
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,  
With green and grassy dales between :  
'Midst forest dark of aged oak,  
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke ;  
Where never human art appear'd,  
Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cott was rear'd ;  
Where Nature seems to fit alone,  
Majestic on a craggy throne.  
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,  
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,  
Where woodbines cluster round the door,  
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor ;  
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,  
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs  
Some nightingale still builds her nest,  
Each evening warbling thee to rest.  
Then lay me by the haunted stream,  
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream ;  
In converse while methinks I rove  
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove ;  
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear  
Strange whisper'd music in my ear ;

## ODE TO FANCY.

33

And my glad soul in blis is drown'd,  
By the sweetly-soothing sound !  
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead  
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead ;  
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,  
And Venus keeps her festive court,  
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,  
And lightly trip with nimble feet,  
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,  
With Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads :  
Where Echo walks steep hills among,  
List'ning to the shepherd's song.  
Yet not these flowery fields of joy,  
Can long my pensive mind employ :  
Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly,  
To meet the matron Melancholy !  
Goddess of the tearful eye,  
That loves to fold her arms and sigh ;  
Let us with silent footsteps go  
To charnels, and the house of woe ;  
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
Where each sad night some virgin comes,  
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,  
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.  
Or to some Abby's mouldring tow'rs,  
Where, to avoid cold wint'ry show'rs,  
The naked beggar shivering lies,  
While whistling tempests round her rise,

F

And trembles, lest the tottering wall  
Should on her sleeping infants fall.  
Now let us louder strike the lyre,  
For my heart glows with martial fire ;  
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,  
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;  
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,  
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear :  
Give me another horse, I cry,  
Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;  
Whence is this rage ?----what spirit, say,  
To battle hurries we away ?  
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,  
Transports me to the thickest war ;  
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,  
Where tumult and destruction reign ;  
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed  
Tramples the dying and the dead ;  
Where giant Terror stalks around,  
With fullen joy surveys the ground,  
And pointing to' th' ensanguin'd field,  
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield.  
O guide me from this horrid scene  
To high-archt walks, and alleys green,  
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun  
The fervors of the mid-day sun.  
The pangs of absence, O remove,  
For thou can't place me near my love ;

## ODE TO FANCY.

35

Can't fold in visionary bliss,  
And let me think I steal a kiss ;  
While her ruby lips dispence  
Luscious nectar's quintessence.  
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws  
From her green lap the pink and rose ;  
When the soft turtle of the dale  
To Summer tells her tender tale,  
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,  
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,  
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,  
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;  
At every season, let my ear  
Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.  
O warm enthusiastic maid,  
Without thy powerful, vital aid,  
That breaths an energy divine,  
That gives a soul to every line,  
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,  
To utter an unhallowed strain ;  
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,  
Save, when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.  
O hear our prayer, O hither come  
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,  
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.  
O queen of numbers, once again  
Animate some chosen swain,

F 2

Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,  
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,  
Who with some new, unequall'd song,  
May rise above the rhyming throng.  
O'er all our lift'ning passions reign,  
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain :  
With terror shake, and pity move,  
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.  
O deign t' attend his evening walk,  
With him in groves and grottos talk ;  
Teach him to scorn, with frigid art,  
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;  
Like light'ning, let his mighty verse  
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;  
With native beauties win applause,  
Ieyond cold critic's studied laws :  
O let each Muse's fame encrease,  
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

O D E  
TO  
E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,  
Whose soft approach the weary wood-man  
loves ;

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,  
Jocund he whistles thro' the twilight groves.

II.

When Phæbus sinks behind the gilded hills,  
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ;  
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,  
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.

III.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat  
To inmost bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran ;  
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance,  
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

## IV.

To the deep wood the clamourous rooks repair,  
Light skims the swallow o'er the watry scene ;  
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh furrow'd-field,  
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the Green.

## V.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,  
His supping sheep, and lengthening shadow spies ;  
Pleas'd with the cool the calm refreshful hour,  
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

## VI.

Now every Passion sleeps : desponding Love,  
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;  
An holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,  
Anger, and mad Ambition's storms subside.

## VII.

O modest EVENING ! oft let me appear  
A wand'ring votary in thy pensive train ;  
Listening to every wildly-warbling note,  
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

O D E  
TO  
E V E N I N G.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

I F ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales,  
O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed :  
Nor air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but full horn,  
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum ;  
Now teach me, Maid compos'd,  
To breath some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,  
May not unseemly with it's stillness suit,  
As musing flow, I hail  
Thy genial lov'd return !  
For when thy folding star arising shews  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
Who slept in flow'rs the day,  
And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with  
fedge,  
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,  
The Pensive Pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.  
Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,  
Or up-land fallows grey  
Reflect it's last cool gleam.  
But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,  
Forbid my willing feet; be mine the hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.  
While spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

## ODE TO EVENING.

41

While Summer loves to sport,  
Beneath thy ling'ring light :  
While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;  
Or Winter yelling thro' the troubrous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes ;  
So long, sure-found beneath thy sylvan shed,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lip'd Health,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And hymn thy fav'rite name !

G

## I S I S.

A N

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON, OF CAMBRIGE, 1748.

**F**AR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright  
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,  
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,  
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,  
 Pale ISIS lay; a willow's lowly shade  
 Spread it's thin foliage o'er the pensive maid;  
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;  
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,  
 In all the awful negligence of woe;  
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase  
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all it's grace;  
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science seen,  
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein:  
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and  
     bland,  
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;

## ISIS. AN ELEGY. 43

While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,  
At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,  
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :  
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace  
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;  
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes  
View on yon plain the real glories rise.  
Yes, ISIS ! oft haft thou rejoic'd to lead  
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;  
Oft haft thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,  
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;  
While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,  
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,  
Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,  
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,  
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;  
See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,  
See ! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS, shine.  
See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom  
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome,  
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,  
Each breast, strong panting with it's country's love,  
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,  
That wisely councell'd, or that bravely bled,  
All, all appear ; on me they grateful smile,  
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil

## 44 ISIS. AN ELEGY.

To me with filial reverence they bring,  
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,  
There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd lay ;  
'Twas there great CATO's form first met his eye,  
In all the pomp of free-born majesty ;  
" My son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,  
" In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;  
" The piercing notes shall strike each British ear ;  
" Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear !  
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,  
" Each Youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,  
" Shall guard with CATO's zeal Britannia's laws,  
" And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause."

The Hero spoke ; the Bard assenting bow'd  
The lay to liberty and CATO flow'd ;  
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,  
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,  
How mute Attention check'd each rising sound ;  
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,  
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,  
When LOCKE walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view  
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,  
View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,  
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.  
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal exprest,  
Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest ;

## ISIS. AN ELEGY. 45

Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,  
E'er long to burst in blessings on mankind ;  
E'er long to show to reason's purged eye,  
That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,  
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)  
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,  
Ilissus ! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide ;  
Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade.  
Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful shade,  
Tho' ev'ry Academic green imprest  
It's image full on thy reflecting breast,  
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,  
And Britain's ISIS flow with Attic fame.

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that Attic boast ?  
See ! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast ;  
See ! Hydra Faction spread it's impious reign,  
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain :  
Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright  
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,  
Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold,  
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold ;  
To Freedom's foes, ah ! see the goblet crown'd,  
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound ;  
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,  
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt ;  
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,  
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,

## 46      ISIS. AN ELEGY.

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,  
Where a firm few support her sickly head,  
Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,  
Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,  
Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,  
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,  
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care ?  
Must these go forth from my maternal hand  
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,  
And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,  
That " ISIS taught Rebellion to her Sons ?"  
Forbid it heaven ! and let my rising waves  
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves !  
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,  
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.  
Is this deny'd ? then point some secret way  
Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray ;  
Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads  
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,  
There, where a Hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,  
Where scarce a Pilgrim treads the pathless plain,  
Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide  
Saw yon majestic structures crown it's fide ;  
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung  
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue ;  
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,  
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

THE  
TRIUMPH  
OF  
ISIUS.  
OCCASIONED BY  
THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY MR. THOMAS WARTON, OF OXFORD.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse  
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;  
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,  
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;  
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,  
O'er ISIS' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :  
And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,  
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.  
When lo ! from opening clouds a golden gleam  
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream ;  
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,  
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;

48 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,  
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood  
The silver-slipper'd ISIS lightly trod,  
From her loose hair the dropping dew she pres'd,  
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,  
Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy ;  
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit  
To notes of past'ral pipe, or oaten flute.  
For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,  
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :  
When Freedom calls, and OXFORD bids thee sing,  
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?  
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,  
The venal sons of slavish CAM, unite ;  
To shake yon tow'rs, when Malice rears her crest,  
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?

Still sing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cause ;  
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws :  
To pow'r your songs of Gratulation pay,  
To courts address soft flattery's soothing lay.  
What tho' your gentle MASON's plaintive verse  
Has hung with sweetest wreath's MUSÆUS' hearse ;  
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ?  
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,  
To tear the laurels from a sister's head ?-----

## THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS. 49

Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage  
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;  
A rage that fullies e'en thy guiltless lays,  
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let GRANTA boast the patrons of her name,  
Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame :  
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,  
Prolific parent of each bowing dean :  
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,  
Each courtly chaplain sanctify'd and sleek ;  
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive  
On fat pluralities supinely thrive :  
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,  
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;  
For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise,  
In stars and strings superlatively wise :  
No longer charm'd by Virtue's golden lyre,  
Who sung of old, amid th' Aonian choir,  
Where CAM, flow winding thro' the breezy reeds,  
With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.

'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,  
Where honour calls, and Justice points the way ;  
To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings.  
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.  
Scorning, and scorn'd by courts, yen Muses' bow'r  
Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of pow'r.  
Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my chrystral spring,  
Tho' persecution wave her iron wing,

50 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,  
"These destin'd seats be mine" exulting cries ;  
On ISIS still each gift of fortune waits,  
Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.  
See Science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd ;  
With songs of joy my festal groves resound ;  
My Muse divine still keeps her wonted state,  
The front erect, and high majestic gait :  
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,  
And still the Graces build my Parian piles ;  
My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,  
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah should'st thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'r's !)  
Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs ;  
Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,  
What patriot could refuse the manly tear !  
What British MARIUS could refrain to weep  
O'er mighty CARTHAGE fall'n, a prostrate heap !

E'en late when RADCLIFFE's delegated train  
Auspicious shone in ISIS' happy plain ;  
When yon proud \* dome, fair Learning's amplest  
shrine,  
Beneath it's Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine ;  
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,  
To RADCLIFFE due, and ISIS' honour'd cause ?  
What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,  
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !

\* RADCLIFFE's library.

## THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS. 51

How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,  
When SHELDON's fane the patriot band receiv'd ;  
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,  
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,  
That made a BEAUFORT, and an HARLEY mine :  
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,  
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,  
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,  
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.  
Then Music left her golden sphere on high,  
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky ;  
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around,  
Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound.

My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,  
And lift'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot :  
In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,  
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;  
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,  
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo ! at once the swelling concerts cease,  
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.  
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,  
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.  
Hark ! he begins, with all a TULLY's art  
To pour the dictates of a CATO's heart.  
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,  
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;

## 52 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,  
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.  
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,  
To win with action, and with sense to warm ;  
Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense  
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence ;  
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,  
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;  
Bids happier days to ALBION be restor'd,  
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword ;  
From me, as from country wins applause,  
And makes an OXFORD's a BRITANNIA's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,  
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ;  
Say, shall the PUNY CHAMPION fondly dare  
To wage, with force like this, scholastic war ?  
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,  
With all the rage of pedant impotence ?  
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,  
This parricide that wounds a mother's breast ?

Thus in the stately ship, that long has bore  
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,  
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,  
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells ;  
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil  
The deep foundations of the watry pile.  
In vain the forrest lent it's stateliest pride,  
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side,

## THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS. 53

In vain the thunder's martial rage she stood,  
With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood ;  
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,  
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'r's, ye seats sublime,  
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time ;  
Ye stately piles of old munificence,  
At once the pride of Learning and defence,  
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,  
Still seems to keep the hospitable door :  
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the right,  
Still step by step to musings mild invite ;  
Ye high-arch'd walks where oft the bard has caught  
The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought ;  
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;  
Lo ! your lov'd ISIS, from the bord'ring vale,  
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail ! - - -  
Hail, OXFORD, hail ! of all that's good and great,  
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;  
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,  
By Truth exalted to the throne of fame !  
Like Greece in Science and in liberty,  
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free !  
Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,  
In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise ;  
With ev'ry various flow'r their temples wreath'd,  
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.

54 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,  
Thy crowding bards immortal CHAUCER leads :  
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,  
And beams on all around celestial fire :  
With graceful step see ADDISON advance,  
The sweetest child of Attic Elegance :  
To all, but his belov'd embrace deny'd,  
See LOCKE leads reason, his majestic bride :  
See sacred HAMMOND, as he treads the field,  
With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.

All who, beneath the shades of gentle peace,  
Best plan'd the labours of domestic ease ;  
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd ;  
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd ;  
Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd,  
All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind ;  
Each priest of health who mix'd the balmy bowl,  
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul ;  
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,  
Hail, OXFORD, hail ! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band ! with virtuous aim,  
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame :  
With pious plans each musing feature glows,  
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows :  
" Lo ! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"  
HAMDEN, and HOOKER, HYDE, and SIDNEY shine.  
These from thy source the fires of freedom caught :  
How well thy sons by their example taught !

## THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS. 55

While in each breast th' hereditary flame

Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,  
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.

I see the sable-suited prince advance  
With lillies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,  
EDWARD ----- the Muses in yon hallow'd shade  
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:  
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,  
And OXFORD taught the deeds that CRESSY saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,  
The \* BRITISH KING before me seems to stand.

He by my plenty-crowned scenes beguil'd,  
And genial influence of my seasons mild,  
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)  
The Muse in pratling infancy convey'd;  
From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,  
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:  
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,  
Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.  
Tho' rude the † dome, and humble the retreat,  
Where first his pious care ordain'd her seat,  
Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,  
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.

\* Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. *Æn.* 6.

† ----- Ad Capitolia ducit  
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

VIRG. *ÆN.*

## 56 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

He first fair Learning's and Britannia's cause  
Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws ;  
He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,  
And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,  
Wiseſt and best of kings! -----with ravish'd gaze  
Elate the long proceſſion he surveys :  
Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain  
He plan'd the rudiments of Learning's reign :  
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breast,  
With all the founder in the race exprest :  
With rapture views, fair Freedom ſtill survive  
In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)  
(Such ſeen, as when the Goddesſ pour'd the beam  
Unfullied on his ancient diadem)  
Well pleas'd that in his own Pierian ſeat  
She plumes her wings, and refts her weary feet ;  
That here at laſt ſhe takes her fav'rite ſtand,  
“Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land.”

## A

## L O V E E L E G Y.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

## I.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,  
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,  
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,  
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never found :

## II.

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,  
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,  
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,  
 But cheaply bless'd I'll scorn each vain desire.

## III.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,  
 And plant my orchard with it's master's hand,  
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to weild,  
 Or range the sheaves along the funny land.

## I

## IV.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,  
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,  
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'r'er home,  
And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

## V.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast ?  
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,  
Secure and happy sink at last to rest !

## VI.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,  
By shady rivers indolently stray,  
And with my DELIA walking side by side,  
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

## VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go !  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know !

## VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream  
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;  
Content with what I am, not what I seem,  
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

## A LOVE ELEGY. 59

### IX.

Ah foolish man ! who thus of her posses'd,  
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,  
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,  
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

### X.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,  
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own,  
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,  
But here, I know, that I am lov'd alone.

### XI.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,  
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,  
With steady rein his eager wit confine,  
While manly sense the deep attention draws :

### XII.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,  
My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;  
For her alone, I pen my tender song,  
Securely fitting in his friendly shade.

### XIII.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend,  
DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,  
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,  
And for her husband's Patron cull the best.

## XIV.

Her's be the care of all my little train,  
While I with tender Indolence am blest,  
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,  
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

## XV.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,  
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,  
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,  
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

## XVI.

Ah ! what avails to press the stately bed,  
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,  
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,  
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep !

## XVII.

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,  
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,  
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,  
And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

## XVIII.

Beauty and worth, alone in her, contend  
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind :  
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,  
I taste the joys of sense, and reason join'd.

## A LOVE ELEGY.

61

### XIX.

On her I'll gaze when others loves are o'er,  
And dying, press her with my clay-cold hand ----  
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,  
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

### XX.

Oh ! when I die, my latest moments spare,  
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,  
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,  
Tho' I am dead my soul shall love thee still.

### XXI.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,  
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart !  
O leave me, DELIA ! ere thou see me dead,  
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

### XXII.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,  
Convey the corse in melancholy state,  
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,  
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

THE  
T E A R S  
OF  
S C O T L A N D.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

**M**OURN, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
Thy hospitable roofs, no more,  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war ;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND. 63

### III.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

### IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay  
No more shall chear the happy day :  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :  
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

### V.

Oh baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons, against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his childrens blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

## 64 THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

### VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath.  
The bleak wind whistles round her head;  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

### VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;  
Resentment of my country's fate,  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow,  
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.

## A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
 The mopeing owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy houswife ply her evening care :  
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

K

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,  
If memory to these no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetnes on the desart air.

Some village-HAMPDEN that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,  
Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd :  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to dye.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
‘ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
‘ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.  
‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
‘ Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove,  
‘ Now drooping, woeeful wan, like one forlorn,  
‘ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;  
‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
‘ The next with dirges due in sad array,  
‘ Slow thro’<sup>the</sup> church-way path we saw him borne.  
‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.  
‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,  
‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found ;  
‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

## THE EPITAPH.

“ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
“ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :  
“ Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
“ And melancholy mark’d him for her own.  
“ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
“ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :  
“ He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear :  
“ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.  
“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
“ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
“ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
“ The bosom of his Father and his God.

ON THE DEATH OF  
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, BY DAVID LORD VISCOUNT  
STORMONT, OF CH. CH. OXON.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd, my artless zeal  
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land  
To strains of bitter argument, and teach  
The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding verge  
And oozy current of Parisian Seine,  
To syllable new sounds in accent strange.

But sad occasion calls : who now forbears  
The last kind office ? who but consecrates  
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown  
To gracious FREDERIC rais'd ; tho' but compos'd  
Of the waste flourets, whose neglected hues  
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain slope ?

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes  
That forgeful Fancy plan'd, what time the bark  
Stem'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn ?  
Then filial Piety and parting Love  
Pour'd the fond pray'r ; " Farewell, ye less'ning  
" cliff,

## ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH. 71

“ Fairer to me, than ought in fabled song  
“ Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic !  
“ Favour'd of heav'n, farewell ! imperial isle,  
“ Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd  
“ In manly science, and advent'rous deed !  
“ Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd  
“ From regions once frequented, with Thee takes  
“ Her stedfast station, fast beside the throne  
“ Of scepter'd Rule, and there her state maintains  
“ In social concord, and harmonious love.  
“ These blessings still be thine, nor medling fiend  
“ Stir in your busy streets foul Faction's roar ;  
“ Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious  
“ Visit your sons who ride the watry waste ;  
“ And still be heard from forth your gladsome bow'rs  
“ Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.  
“ Nor vain the wish, while **GEORGE** the golden scale  
“ With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate fway.  
“ And when his course of earthly honour's run,  
“ With lenient hand shall **FREDERIC** sooth your care,  
“ Rich in each princely quality, mature  
“ In years, and happiest in nuptual choice.  
“ Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop  
“ Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed,  
“ Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.  
“ His be the care t' inform their ductile minds  
“ With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of  
“ honour.

72 ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

“ How often shall he hear with fresh delight  
“ Their earnest tales, or watch their rising passions  
“ With timerous attention ; then shall tell  
“ Of justice, fortitude, and public weal,  
“ And oft the while each rigid precept smooth  
“ With winning tokens of parental love!”

Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores  
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my strain'd sight  
Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist  
They gently sunk behind the swelling tide.  
Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other climes  
I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,  
Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,  
To vassalage and loathsome service bound.  
Then conscious preference rose ; then northward  
turn'd

My eye, to gratulate my natal soil.  
How have I chid with froward eagerness  
Each veering blast, that from my hand withheld  
The well-known characters of some lov'd friend,  
Tho' distant not unmindful ? Still I learn'd  
Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd  
Of arts, or glory, or diffusive commerce.  
Nor wanted its endearment every tale  
Of lightest import. But oh ! heavy change,  
What notices come now ? Distracted scenes  
Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts ;  
How fair AUGUSTA watch'd the weary night

## ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH. 73

Tending the bed of anguish; how great **GEORGE**  
Wept with his infant progeny around;  
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's sigh,  
That follow'd **FREDERIC** to his silent tomb.

For well was **FREDERIC** lov'd, and well deserv'd :  
His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps  
Attended ever the alluring grace  
Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.  
Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,  
Relating to his mates each casual act  
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,  
Plying the varied woof in fullen sadness,  
Tho' wont to carol many a ditty sweet.  
Soon too the mariner, who many moons  
Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,  
And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand  
Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal  
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet, all is not dead ;  
The bright memorial lives : from his example  
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise  
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.  
In age succeeding when another **GEORGE**,  
To ratify some weighty ordinance  
Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside  
Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults enclose,  
Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,  
Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice

L

74 ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

And long-remember'd features shall return ;  
Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd  
To acts of highest worth and honest fame.

These plaintive strains, from ALBION far away,  
I lonely meditâte at even-tide ;  
Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd lay ;  
But still rememb'ring oft the magic sounds,  
Well-measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,  
Or past'ral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear  
On ISIS' broider'd mead, where dips by fits  
The stooping osier in her hasty stream.

Hail WOLSEY's spacious dome ! hail, ever-fam'd  
For faithful nurture, and truth's sacred lore,  
Much honour'd parent ! You my dutious zeal  
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath  
You deign to interweave this humble song.

## ON THE SAME.

BY MR. JAMES CLITHEROW OF ALL SOULS COLL.

## I.

’TWAS on the evening of that gloomy day,  
 When FREDERIC, ever lov’d, and ever mourn’d,  
 (Such heav’n’s high will, and who shall disobey ?)  
 To earth’s cold womb in holy pomp return’d :

## II.

With full sounds the death-denouncing bell  
 Proclaim’d aloud the dismal tale of woe,  
 The pealing organ join’d the solemn knell,  
 In mournful notes, majestically flow.

## III.

The full-voic’d choir, in stoles of purest white,  
 With frequent pause, the soul-felt anthem raise ;  
 While o’er the walls, in darkest fable dight,  
 A thousand tapers pour’d their holy blaze.

## IV.

In high devotion rapt, the mitred sage,  
 With energy sublime, the rites began ;  
 While tears from ev’ry sex, and ev’ry age,  
 Bewail’d the prince, the father, and the man.

76 ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

V.

“ Who, when our sov'reign liege to fate shall yield,  
“ Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling state?  
“ Who now the vengeful sword of justice wield,  
“ Or ope, like him, sweet Mercy's golden gate?

VI.

“ Who shall to Arts their pristine honour bring,  
“ Rear from the dust fair Learning's laurell'd head,  
“ Or bid rich Commerce plume her daring wing?  
“ Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERIC dead.

VII.

“ Who now shall tend, with fond paternal care,  
“ The future guardians of our faith and laws?  
“ Who teach their breasts with patriot worth to dare,  
“ And die, with ardour, in Britannia's cause?

VIII.

“ And who, ah! who, with soft endearing lore,  
“ Shall sooth, like him, the royal mourner's breast?  
“ Her lord, her life, her FREDERIC is no more.”—  
Deep groans and bitter wailings speak the rest.

IX.

Then, when at length the awful scene was clos'd,  
And dust to dust in holy hope consign'd;  
All to their silent homes their steps dispos'd,  
To feed on solitary woe the mind;

X.

All but Lorenzo ;—he with grief dismay'd,  
Nor heeding ought but FREDERIC's hapless fate,  
Musing along the cloyster'd temple stray'd,  
Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

XI.

But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,  
And total night assumed its silent reign,  
Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,  
And big with horror traverses the fane.

XII.

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead  
Inspire his shudd'ring soul with ghastly fears,  
Dire shapes, and beck'ning shades around him tread,  
And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

XIII.

There, as around the monumental maze  
Darkling he wanders, a resplendent gleam  
Shoots o'er th' illumin'd isle a distant blaze,  
Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

XIV.

With glory clad, th' imperial shrines among,  
Four royal shapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,  
High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,  
Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

## XV.

The first was he, whom CRESSY's glorious plain  
Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprise ;  
Nor less his praise in Virtue's milder strain,  
Just, humble, learned, merciful and wise.

## XVI.

Next ARTHUR sat, at whose auspicious birth  
In one sweet flow'r the blended roses join'd ;  
And HENRY next, fair plant of Scotish earth,  
The hope, the joy of ALBION and mankind.

## XVII.

Yet green in death, the last majestic shade  
Wore gracious FREDERIC's mild endearing look ;  
To him the rest obeysance courteous paid,  
And EDWARD thus the princely form bespoke :

## XVIII.

“ All hail ! illustrious partner of our fate,  
“ For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds ;  
“ Hail ! to the mansions of the good and great,  
“ Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

## XIX.

“ The same our fortune, as our worth the same,  
“ (To worth like ours short date doth heav'n assign)  
“ As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,  
“ And long record our deathless names shall join.

## ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH. 79

### XX.

“ But oh ! I tremble for Britannia’s state,  
“ May guardian pow’rs avert the dire presage !  
“ For well she knows, at our untimely fate  
“ How heav’n’s dread vengeance smote each fin-  
“ full age.

### XXI.

“ The regal staff aspiring BOLINBROKE  
“ Snatch’d with rude grasp from RICHARD’s  
“ princely hand ;  
“ Loos’d from hell’s confines, civil Discord shook  
“ The dubious throne, and tore the beeding land.

### XXIII.

“ When ARTHUR died, imperious HENRY’s thirst  
“ Of subject’s blood nor heeded sex nor age ;  
“ His wives a sacrifice to vagrant lust,  
“ His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.

### XXIV.

“ When pious CHARLES in right fraternal reign’d,  
“ Rebellion proudly stalk’d from shore to shore,  
“ Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan’d,  
“ And dy’d the guilty land with royal gore.

### XXIV.

“ Yet ah ! may pity move relenting heav’n !  
“ Enough she groans beneath her present woe ;

80. ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

“Enough to vengeance is already giv'n;  
“Her FREDERIC's dead;—there needs no other  
“blow.”

XXV.

Scarce had he spoken, when the bird of day  
'Gan morn's approach with clarion shrill declare,  
At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,  
The fond illusion all dissolves in air.

O      D      E  
 ON THE  
 APPROACH OF SUMMER.

BY A GENTLEMAN FORMERLY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

*Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,  
 Ad-ventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus  
 Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;  
 Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cætum.*

LUCRETIUS.

**H**ENCE iron-scepter'd WINTER, haste  
 To des'late Russian waste!  
 Where far remote from man's resort  
 Thou hold'st thy joyless court;  
 Where ever beat by storms and show'rs  
 Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;  
 Amid whose howling ifles and halls,  
 Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,  
 On ebon throne, thou lov'st to shroud,  
 Thy hoary head in sable cloud.

M

E'n now, before the sun's soft heat,  
Sullen I see thy train retreat :  
EURUS, with lightning in his hands,  
That on a tiger mounted stands ;  
High-figur'd on whose robe are shewn  
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :  
Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,  
And clad in vest of watchet hue :  
Next COLD, like Zemblan savage drest,  
Who boldly bares his hardy breast :  
With him his brother, fur-clad FROST,  
His robe with icicles embost.

WINTER farewell ! thy forests hoar,  
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;  
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild !  
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,  
Sweetest SUMMER ! haste thee here,  
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.  
Thee APRIL blythe, as long of yore  
Bermudas' vales he frolick'd o'er,  
(Such is his wont, at early prime,  
When the soft boughs begin to climb)  
To gather balm of choicest dews,  
And patterns fair of various hues,  
With which to paint in changeful dye,  
The vernal year's embroidery ;  
To cull the essence of rich smells  
In which to dip his blooming bells ;

Thee, as he rov'd with genial feet,  
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;  
Where a tall citron's boughs imbrown'd  
The green lap of the grassy ground.  
There long upon a roseate bed,  
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;  
Till soon beneath his fost'ring care,  
You bloom'd a goddess debonair ;  
And last he gave the blessed isle  
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile.

Haste thee nymph ! and hand in hand,  
With thee bring a buxom band ;  
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,  
With Sport that yellow-tressed boy,  
Lead Health that loves, in early dawn  
To meet the milk-maid in the lawn :  
Lead Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace.  
Meek cottage loving shepherdes !  
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean  
On river-margins, mossy green.  
But who is she, that bears thy train,  
Pacing light the velvet plain ?  
The pale pink crowns her auburn hair,  
Her tresses flow with past'ral air ;  
Tis May the Grace — confess she stands  
By branch of hawthorn in her hands :  
Lo ! near her trip the light-foot Dews  
Their wings all dipt in iris-hues ;

With whom lascivious Zephyrs play,  
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,  
Has drest the groves in livery green ;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bow'r to build ;  
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Puts her matron-mantle on,  
And mists in spreading steams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;  
Then, Goddess, guide my gladsome feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds his museful way,  
O'er the soft marge of silver Tay :  
Or near thy brook, O sylvan Jed !  
Where first, by meek-ey'd Nature led,  
Thomson the rural Muses woo'd  
In numbers wild, of Dorian mood.  
While thro' the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet evening objects intervene :  
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.  
And now the labourer I meet,  
The low mist gathering at his feet :  
Nor wants there fragrance all the while,  
My foathed fences to beguile :  
Nor tangled wood-bines balmy bloom,  
Nor dewy grafts, to breathe perfume ;

Nor lowly wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet :  
Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell :  
Nor lowings faint of herds remote ;  
Nor mastiff's bark from lowly cott :  
Rustle the breezes lightly born  
Or deep-embattell'd ears of corn :  
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
Beetles in thickening swarms rejoice.  
Meantime, what mingling dies invest  
The golden chambers of the West !  
That all aslant the village tow'r  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with th' obliquely-streaming rays  
Far seen it's arched windows blaze :  
While the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet hues, and gleams of light :  
So that the soft scene by degrees  
Bathes my blythe heart in extasies ;  
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Frames ever-varying visions bright ;  
Like those her MILTON wont to dream,  
As by the pale moon's cloudless gleam,  
He rov'd to hear the bird of woe,  
Or sound of Curfeu swinging flow.  
Till from the path I fondly stray  
In museings lapt, and lose my way ;

Wand'ring o'er the landscape still,  
Till penitive Fancy has her fill;  
Till o'er the sapphire-paven plain  
Hesper leads his silver train.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,  
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;  
When sportive Leisure lays him down,  
Of springing flow'rs to weave a crown,  
All on a deep dale's sunny side  
With yellow crocus gaily dy'd;  
Me heart-rejoicing Goddes lead  
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:  
To walk in rural mood among,  
Of nymphs and swains, the toiling throng;  
Or, as the tepid odours breath,  
The russet piles to lean beneath:  
There while at ease my limbs are thrown  
On couch more soft than palace down;  
To listen to the busy sound  
Of mirth and toil that hums around;  
To see the team shrill-tinkling pafs,  
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grafs.  
Meantime, retir'd from toil and heat,  
A swain and blushing maid are met,  
In tender talk to plight their vows,  
Beneath an hawthorn's hoary boughs.

But ever, after summer-show'r,  
When the glad sun's returning pow'r,

With laughing beam has chac'd the storm,  
And clear'd reviving nature's form ;  
Thro' sweet-bri'r hedges, bath'd in dew,  
Let me my wholsom path pursue ;  
While as I walk, from pearled bush,  
The funny-sparkling drop I brush ;  
And all the landscape fair I view  
Clad in robe of fresher hue :  
And so loud the black-bird sings  
That far around the valley rings.  
From shelter deep of arched rock  
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;  
From bow'ring beech the mower blythe  
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;  
While o'er the level glistering mead  
A purer azure vault is spread.

But ever against restles heat,  
Lead me to the rock-arch'd seat,  
O'er whose dim mouth an ivyed oak  
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;  
Frequented by the nymph alone,  
Whose clear waves cleave the smoothed stone ;  
Which, as they gush upon the ground,  
Still scatter misty dews around :  
A rustic wild, grotesque alcove,  
Its sides with mantling wood-bine wove ;  
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,  
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;

Or noontide grott where Sylvan sleeps  
In hoar Lycaeum's shaggy steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,  
While all without is scorch'd in day ;  
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath  
His leafless hawthorn on the heath ;  
The drooping mower wishes eve,  
In vain, of labour short reprieve !  
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands  
Smote with keen heat the trav'ler stands :  
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye  
Measures the boundless scenes that lie,  
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,  
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.  
How does he wish some cooling wave  
To slake his thirst, or limbs to lave !  
And thinks, in every whisper low.  
He hears a gushing fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon fable wood,  
Temple of sage Solitude !  
There within a nook most dark,  
Where none my musing mood may mark ;  
Let me with many a whisper'd rite  
The Genius old of Greece invite,  
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,  
Which for his chosen sons he twin'd,  
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,  
On clear Ilissus' laureat shore—

Till, high on airy nest reclin'd,  
The raven wakes my tranced mind !

Or to the copse, where hazels brown  
With beech and tow'ring oak o'ergrown,  
Some secret winding path o'ershade  
By Fauns, and tripping Dryads made.

Or to yon abbey's mould'ring isles,  
Fast by whose elder-crowned piles,  
Many a melancholy yew  
High-wreaths an awful avenue.

Or to the forrest-fringed vale  
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,  
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,  
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak ;  
While o'er the solitary green,  
Nor cott, nor wand'ring swain is seen :  
There under shade of aged boughs  
To find some hermit's turf-rear'd house ;  
Fit place that pensive sage might chuse  
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole  
First issues from her eastern goal ;  
Then snatch me, crocus-crowned Queen,  
To airy uplands clad in green :  
Whence nature's universal face,  
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace ;  
The misty streams that wind below,  
With silver-shining lustre glow ;

Tow'rs, groves, and villages appear  
Invested all in radiance clear ;  
Refreshful odors breathe around  
From dews that whiten all the ground ;  
Echoing loud o'er hill and dale,  
Glad birds the glistening funshine hail ;  
CONTENT, indulging blissful hours,  
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,  
And cattle rouz'd to pasture new,  
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O SUMMER mild,  
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :  
Whene'er I view thy blissful scenes,  
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens ;  
What fires within my bosom wake,  
How glows my mind the reed to take !  
What scenes like thine the muse can call,  
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ;  
With whom each field is paradise,  
And all the globe a Bow'r of bliss !  
With thee conversing, all day long  
I meditate delightful song.  
These pedant cloisters let me leave,  
To meet the lovely Muse at eve,  
(For Eve's the sister of the Muse)  
In valleys where mild whispers use :  
While wand'ring on the brook's grey verge  
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,  
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,  
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,  
And make an humble thatch my home,  
Which floaping hills around enclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;  
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs  
It's tides a far-fam'd rivers pours :  
By nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !  
Still grott of Peace ! in lowly shed  
Who loves to rest her gentle head.  
For not the scenes of Attic art  
Can comfort care, or footh the heart :  
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,  
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,  
Send me a little, and content ;  
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,  
The social scene of dear delight :  
The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
The musing eve, and idle day.  
Give me beneath cool shades to fit,  
Rapt with the charms of classic wit :  
To catch the bold heroic flame  
That built immortal Græcia's fame.  
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise  
The sacred song to Britain's praise :

To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds  
And paint heroic ancient deeds ,  
Record old ARTHUR's magic tale,  
And EDWARD, fierce in fable mail.  
Sing royal BRUTUS' lawless doom,  
And brave BONDUCA, scourge of Rome ;  
Great PENDRAGON's fair-branched line,  
Stern ARVIRAGE, and old LOCRINE.

O ever to sweet Poesie,  
Let me live true votary !  
She shall lead me by the hand,  
Queen of soft smiles and solace bland !  
She from her sacred stores shall shed  
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head :  
She shall be my blooming bride,  
With her as years successive glide,  
I'll ever hold sweet dalliance,  
Enwrapt as in some magic trance.

## A

## PASTORAL

IN THE

MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS. IDYLL. XX.

BY THE SAME.

## I.

AS late I strove LUCILLA's lip to kisſ,  
 She with discurſeſee reprov'd my will;  
 Dost thou, ſhe ſaid, affect ſo pleaſant bliſſ,  
 A ſimble ſhepherd, and a loſell vile?  
 Not Fancy's hand ſhould join my courtly lip  
 To thine, as I myſelf were fast aſleep.

## II.

As thus ſhe ſpake, full proud and boaſting laſſe,  
 And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance  
 She bragly turned her ungentle face,  
 And all diſdaining ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:  
 But I did bluſh, with grief and shame yblent,  
 Like morning roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.

## III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair ?  
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms ?  
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,  
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms :  
E'en KATE did deemen me the fairest swain,  
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

## IV.

My lip with vermil was embellished,  
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,  
The milk-white lilly, and the rose so red,  
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,  
My voice as foote as mounting larke did shrill,  
My look was blythe as MARG'RET's at the mill.

## V.

But she forsooth, more fair than MADGE OR KATE,  
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love ;  
Nor wist what THENOT told us swains of late ;  
That VENUS sought a shepherd in a grove ;  
Nor that a heav'nly God who PHOEBUS height,  
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight. —

## VI.

Ah ! 'tis that VENUS with accurst despight,  
That all my dolour, and my shame has made !  
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,  
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade ?  
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she misse,  
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss !

I N S C R I B E D  
ON A BEAUTIFUL  
GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

## I.

THE Graces sought in yonder stream,  
To cool the fervid day,  
When love's malicious godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.

## II.

Proud of the theft, the little god  
Their robes bade DELIA wear;  
While they ashamed to stir abroad,  
Remain all naked here.

## LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. SMALLET.

## I.

WHere now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy!  
 MONIMIA, give my soul her wonted rest ;—  
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,  
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast !

## II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,  
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour ;  
 Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,  
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

## III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,  
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around ?  
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,  
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

## IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,  
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,  
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,  
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew ;

## V.

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,  
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine;  
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,  
To kindred dust my weary limbs confign.

## VI.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, shed a gracious tear  
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?  
Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,  
And bid the turf lie light upon my breast !

O

## C H O R U S S E S

F R O M

E L F R I D A, A T R A G E D Y.

B Y M R. M A S O N.

## C H O R U S I.

## O D E T O T H E M O R N I N G.

## I.

Hail to thy living light,  
Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseat ray:  
That bids gay nature all her charms display  
    In varied beauty bright;  
That bids each dewy-spangled flowret rise,  
    And dart around its vermeil dies;  
Bids silver luitre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

## ODE TO THE MORNING. 99

### II.

Away, ye goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;  
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall,  
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,  
Where, at pale midnight's stilllest hour,  
Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

### III.

Away, ye elves, away :  
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray ;  
That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.

## CHORUS II.

## ODE ON CONTENT.

ATHELWOLD, THE HUSBAND OF ELFRIDA,  
IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABSENT.

## I.

The turtle tells her plaintive tale,  
Sequester'd in some shadowy vale ;  
The lark in radiant æther flotes,  
And swells his wild extatic notes :  
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray  
The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay ;  
She haunts no solitary shade,  
She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead,  
No love-lorn griefs depress her song,  
No raptures lift it loudly high,  
But soft she trills, amid th' aerial throng,  
Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

## II.

Sweet bird ! like thine our lay shall flow,  
Nor gaily loud, nor sadly flow ;  
For to thy note sedate, and clear,  
CONTENT still lends a list'ning ear.  
Reclin'd this mossy bank along,  
Oft has she heard thy easy song :

## ON CONTENT. 101

Why hears not now? What fairer grove  
From \* Harewood lures her devious love?  
What fairer grove than Harewood knows,  
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,  
More woodbine bowers, inviting soft repose,  
More streams flow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales.

### III.

Perhaps to some lone cave the Rover flies,  
Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies.  
For scorning oft the gorgeous hall,  
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,  
There will the meek-ey'd nymph delight to call,  
And with the solemn feer high converse hold.

### IV.

There, goddes, on the shaggy mound,  
Where tumbling torrents roar around,  
Where pendant mountains o'er your head  
Stretch their formidable shade;  
You listen, while the holy feer  
Slowly chaunts his vespers clear;  
Or of his sparing mes partake,  
The fav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,  
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.  
Then, rising light, your host you bleſſ,  
And o'er his faintly temples bland distill  
Seraphic day-dreams of heav'n's happiness.

\* ATHELWOLD'S caſtle.

## V.

Where'er thou art, enchanting maid,  
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's shade :  
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,  
Printing this dew-impearled green ;  
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,  
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,  
What time thou seek'st, with willing haste,  
Thy loveliest throne, **ELFRIDA**'s breast.  
There seated on that iv'ry shrine,  
Where all the Loves and Graces lye,  
With them your hands shall mutual chaplets twine,  
And weave immortal wreaths of peace and joy.

## VIr

And, hark, compleating our prophetic strain,  
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty plain ;  
Now nearer, and now nearer sounds.  
Avaunt ! ye vain, delusive fears.  
Hark ! Echo tells thro' Harewood's amplest bounds,  
That Love, Content, and **ATHELWOLD** appears.

## CHORUS III.

## ON CONSTANCY.

## I.

Whence does this sudden lustre rise,  
 That gilds the grove ? not like the noon-time beam  
 Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream,  
 Nor the blue lightning's flash swift-shooting thro'  
 the skies.

But such a solemn steady light,  
 As oe'r the cloudless azure steals,  
 When CYNTHIA riding on the brow of night,  
 Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.

## II.

Whence can it rise but from the sober pow'r  
 Of CONSTANCY ? she, heav'n-born queen  
 Descends, and in this \* woodbine-vested bower  
 Fixes her stedfast reign :  
 Stedfast, as when her high command  
 Gives to the starry band  
 Their radiant stations in heav'n's ample plain.

\* In which ATHELWOLD and ELFRIDA had been just  
 exchanging professions of their mutual fidelity.

## 104 ON CONSTANCY.

Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,  
She winds the purple year.  
Tells what time the snow-drop cold  
Its maiden whiteness may unfold,  
When the golden harvest bend,  
When the ruddy fruits descend.  
Then bids pale Winter wake to pour  
The pearly hail's translucent show'r,  
To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,  
And bind in crystal chains the flumb'ring floods.

## III.

The foul, which she inspries, has pow'r to climb  
To all the heights sublime  
Of Virtue's tow'ring hill.  
That hill, at whose low feet weak-warb'ling strays  
The scanty stream of human praise,  
A shallow trickling rill.  
While on the summits hov'ring angels shed,  
From their blest pinions, the nectareous dews,  
Of rich immortal Fame: from these the muse  
Oft steals some precious drops, and blends with art  
With those the lower streams impart;  
Then show'rs it all on some high-favor'd head.  
But thou, ELFRIDA, claim'st the genuine dew;  
Thy worth demands it all,  
Pure, and unmixt on thee the sacred drops shall fall.

## CHORUS IV.

ATHELWOLD SUSPECTS THE  
CONSTANCY OF ELFRIDA.

## I.

Say, will no white-rob'd son of light,  
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,  
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;  
Here wave his amber locks, unfold  
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold ;  
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand ?  
And you, ye host of saints, for ye have known  
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,  
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne  
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud  
of fate ?

## II.

'Tis silence all. No son of light  
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height.  
No train of radiant saints descend.  
" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
" If guilt, if fraud have stain'd your mind,  
" Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."

P

So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
Burst from the centre of the burning throne.

Where aye she fits with star-wreath lustre  
crown'd,

A bright sun clasps her adamantine zone.

So Truth proclaims : her awful voice I hear,  
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

III.

“ Attend, ye sons of men ; attend, and say,”  
Does not enough of my resplendent ray  
Break thro’ the veil of your mortality !  
Say does not reason in this form descry  
Unnumber’d, nameless glories, that surpass  
The Angel’s floating pomp, the Seraph’s glowing  
grace ?

IV.

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye  
But emulate’s the diamond’s blaze,  
Whose bosom mocks the fleecy snow,  
Whose cheek the rose’s damask glow,  
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark’s lays ;  
Shall she be deem’d my rival ? \* Shall a form  
Of elemental drofs, of mould’ring clay,  
Vie with these charms imperial ? The poor worm  
Shall prove her contest vain. Life’s little day

\* ATHELWOLD had been guilty of a lye, that  
he might possess ELFRIDA.

Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear,  
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' heav'n's  
eternal year.

## V.

Know, mortals, know; ere first ye sprung,  
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,  
I shone amid the heav'nly throng.  
These eyes beheld Creation's day,  
This voice began the choral lay,  
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.  
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,  
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
And Ocean heave on his extended bed;  
Saw the tall oak aspiring pierce the sky,  
The tawny Lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

## VI.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,  
" That I alone of all the host of heav'n,  
Should reign Protectress of the godlike  
youth."  
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd  
me TRUTH.

O D E  
 ON THE  
 DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.  
 BY MR. COLLINS.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STAN-  
 ZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE  
 THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

## I.

**I**N yonder grave a Druid lies  
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave !  
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
 To deck it's Poet's sylvan grave !

## II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds  
 His airy harp \* shall now be laid,  
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
 May love thro' life the soothing shade.

\* The harp of *ÆOLUS*, of which see a description in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

## III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while it's sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

## IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is dreſt,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt !

## V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend ſhall view yon whit'ning ſpire \*,  
And mid the varied landscape weep.

## VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,  
Ah ! what will ev'ry dirge avail ?  
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed  
That mourn beneath the gliding fail !

## VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedleſs eye  
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near ?  
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

\* RICHMOND Church.

## VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whose fullen tide  
 No fedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried Friend !

## IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !  
 Yet once again, dear parted Shade,  
 Meek Nature's Child, again adieu !

## X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,  
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dres  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

## XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,  
 O ! Vales, and Wild Woods, shall He say  
 In yonder grave Your Druid lies !

## THE CHILD BIRTH.

IN THE MANNER OF GAY.

THE doleful dumps I sing, and tearful woes,  
 Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes :  
 The sheonest lass in Berkshire was she known,  
 Of all that butter sell to Reading town :  
 Not the sev'n sisters could o'er her prevail,  
 The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,  
 Tho' every Oxford muse their charms has sung,  
 And gravest doctors \* join'd the tuneful throng.

Ye peers ! who careles of ambition, chuse  
 To court the labours of the past'ral muse ;  
 And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay,  
 Where black Cam rolls, or Isis' eddies play,  
 Assist the labours of an humble swain,  
 Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months successive now had rolled round  
 Since MARIAN first the pleasing mischief found ;  
 In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,  
 Nor aught avail'd the 'pothecary's aid :

\* The Rev. Dr WILKES wrote a poem upon them.

112. THE CHILD BIRTH.

Her womb began with fatal size to swell,  
And sickening qualms the blushing secret tell :  
Then all in sad despair she made her moan,  
Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.

“ Ah ! faithless COLIN CLOUT ! ah, luckless I !

“ And canst thou, cruel ! from thy MARIAN fly ?

“ How often hast thou suck'd my panting breath ?

“ How often swore to love me true till death ?

“ But to the Justice I'll reveal my plight,

“ And with a constable pursue thy flight.

“ —— Ah ! how unequal, as our parson preaches,

“ Are this world's goods ! and sure he rightly teaches ;

“ For what to maidens brings eternal stain,

“ (Sad management !) gives honour to the swain.

“ 'Twas on the blithest morn of all the year,

“ When new-born May bids ev'ry shepherd cheer ;

“ When artful maids their rival fancies show,

“ And well-wrought garlands bloom on every bough ;

“ When gaudy fairs bespangle ev'ry street,

“ And lowing cows the novel pasture greet ;

“ Fresh rose I, MARIAN hight, from rustic bed,

“ The morning dream still hov'ring o'er my head ;

“ Gay shews and sweethearts had employ'd my thought,

“ The kiss imprinted, and the fairing bought !

“ From lavender I drew the tucker'd smock,

“ And hosen boastful of a various clock ;

“ The silver'd knot well scollop'd on my head,

“ And donn'd the sunday gown berob'd with red.

“ Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,  
“ I sat impatient with a wistful air,  
“ Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur’d swain,  
“ Who always follow’d MARIAN on the plain :  
“ With him the moon-light walk I us’d to tread,  
“ With him I danc’d upon the sportive mead ;  
“ That very morn had taught the snails to crawl,  
“ And print mysterious letters on the wall.  
“ At length he came, and I with joyous meed  
“ Mounted behind him on the pillion’d steed :  
“ Sweetly I sung, he whistled to the lay,  
“ Sweetly I sung the song, and sung the day :  
“ *What beauteous scenes* began the tuneful tale !  
“ And next I humm’d *the sweets of Arno’s vale* ;  
“ Then MOLLY MOGG, fair damsel of the Rose,  
“ And *lovely PEGGY*, taste of London beaux.  
“ And now in view gay Reading strikes our eyes,  
“ And all the dainties of the fair arise :  
“ Here \* Birmingham its boasted ware displays,  
“ There leather breeches hight, and bodice stays ;  
“ Here posied garters flutter’d in the way,  
“ There painted hobby-horses seem to neigh ;  
“ Here belles in gingerbread all gilded over,  
“ And little gew-gaw ~~h~~—ys act the lover.  
“ Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,  
“ All who from Oxford hills direct the share,

\* A town famous for working in steel.

Q

## 114 THE CHILD BIRTH.

“ Who fell the forest, or who mow the mead,  
“ Or drag in little boats the finny breed :  
“ Her wide-mouth'd sons low-seated Henley sends,  
“ And smoky Okingham it's tribute lends.  
“ But far did MARIAN all the rest outvie,  
“ No cheek so ruddy, nor so black an eye ;  
“ Scarce DOLLY C----K the daughter of the may'r,  
“ With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,  
“ With all the snowy fulness of her breast,  
“ In blithsome features might with me contest.  
“ All youths ambitiously around me strove,  
“ Each gave some chosen emblem of his love ;  
“ One queintly bought the garters for my thighs,  
“ While simple archness sparkled in his eyes.  
“ But all their fairings unsuccessful prove,  
“ Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held my love.  
“ —Ah! fly deceiver! you enclas'd my arm,  
“ And seem'd my saviour, while you meant my harm;  
“ Far too unequal was the high reward,  
“ My maidenhead must pay thee for thy guard ;  
“ Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,  
“ And stamp a little COLIN e'er we part.  
“ —Yet now, when nature fills my womb, to fly—  
“ Nor yet one tear to issue from thine eye—  
“ My flighted love to quick resentment turns ;  
“ Lo my blood rises, and my cheek all burns !  
“ O could I tear thee as I tear this glove—  
“ Go, horrid monster! I despise thy love,

## THE CHILD BIRTH. 115

“ Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I resign,  
“ Forget, renounce thee, hate whate'er was thine.  
“ \* No chritian mother bound thy infant head,  
“ Some Turk begat thee, or some Papist bred;  
“ Or dropt on Cambrian hills, a squallid brat,  
“ Some she-goat suckled thee with savage teat.  
“ †—Go to thy drab, whoe'er has won thy heart,  
“ And may the pox devouring make thee smart;  
“ ‡ My vengeful ghost shall haunt thee o'er the plain,  
“ Yes, thou shalt suffer, villain, for my pain.  
“ But ah! my rage relents, my sorrow flows;  
“ Come COLIN,! faithles sheepherd! ease my woes.  
“ And must I in the sheet opprobrious stand?  
“ Thy plight is troth'd, ah! come and give thy hand:  
“ My conscience starts, whene'er I hear a knell,  
“ And is a little love deserving hell?  
“ Too hard a penance for a sin so slight!  
“ Ah how my heart misgives me every night?

\* *Nec tibi diva pārens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,  
Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
Caucosus, Hyrcanæque admirunt ubera tigres.*

† *I, sequere Italiam ventis, &c.  
Spero equidem mediis, siquid pia numina, &c.*

‡ *Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis, improbe, pānas.*

Æn. 4.

Q 2

## 116 THE CHILD BIRTH.

“ When sleep has clos’d my sorrow-streaming eyes,  
“ Then ghastly dreams, and hateful thoughts arise:  
“ \* All unaccompany’d methinks I go  
“ O’er Irish bogs, a wilderness of woe!  
“ Ah! my wits turn! strange phantoms round me fly!  
“ Lo! I am chang’d into a goosb’ry pye!  
“ Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!  
“ Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies  
gabble.”

Thus as she rav’d, her womb with rueful throes  
Did to the light a lusty babe disclose:  
Long while she doubted of the smirking boy,  
Or on her knee to dandle, or destroy;  
Love prompted her to save, and Pride to drown,  
At length Pride conquer’d, and she dropt her son.

\* — *Semperque relinqu  
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur  
Ire viam, & Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ.  
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, &c.*

Æn. 4.

ON A  
 L A D Y ' S  
 PRESENTING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE

TO A  
 G E N T L E M A N.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

WHAT fears, what terrors does thy gift create !  
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !  
 The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,  
 (Consign'd by VENUS to MELISSA's hand)  
 Not less capricious than a reigning fair,  
 Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.  
 In myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,  
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;  
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,  
 Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;  
 Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,  
 And cure the throbings of an anxious heart ;  
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,  
 Adorn PHILANDER's head, or grace his tomb.

T O

## A YOUNG LADY.

W I T H

FONTENELLE'S PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

**I**N this small work all nature's wonders see,  
The soften'd features of philosophy,  
In truth by easy steps you here advance,  
Truth, as diverting as the best romance.  
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,  
None saw their beauty till by poring blind;  
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,  
From Wisdom's feast they rose not clear'd, but dull :  
The gay and airy smil'd to see them grave,  
And fled such wisdom like TROPHONIUS' cave.  
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,  
Which made men full, ere they would be wise.  
Brought down to fight, with ease you view 'em here;  
Tho' deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.  
Your flutt'ring sex, still valued science less ;  
Careless of any, but the arts of dress.  
Their useles time was idly thrown away  
On empty novels, or some new-born play.  
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare  
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a pray'r.

In vain the glittering orbs, each starry night,  
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :  
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;  
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.  
None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,  
None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.

Well might they boast their charms, when ev'ry fair  
Thought this world all ; and her's the brightest here.  
Ah ! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,  
For those thin trifles which your sex admires ;  
Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,  
That reason is not to themselves confin'd.

The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine,  
'Twere sacrilege t'agine not divine,  
Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,  
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.

How poor e'en You, who reign without controul,  
If we except the beauties of your soul !

Should all beholders feel the same surprize ;  
Should all who see you, see you with my eyes ;  
Were no such blasts to make that beauty less ;  
Should you be what I think, what all confess :  
'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage ;  
One Island only, and not half an Age !

## A

## S O N G.

## I.

**G**AY FLORIMEL, of gen'rous birth,  
 The most engaging fair on earth,  
 To please a blind gallant,  
 Has much of wit, and much of worth,  
 And much of tongue to set it forth,  
 But then she has—an AUNT.

## II.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd,  
 To tempt her from her guardian's side,  
 And trap her in love's hook!  
 She's like a little wanton lamb,  
 That frisks about the careful dam,  
 And shuns the shepherd's crook.

## III.

Like wretched DIVES am I plac'd,  
 To see the joys I cannot taste,  
 Of all my hopes bereav'n:  
 Her AUNT the dismal gulph betwixt,  
 By all the powers of malice fixt,  
 To cheat me of my heaven.

PART OF THE  
 PROLOGUE  
 TO  
 SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES V.

I.

IN the kalendies of Januarie  
 When fresche PHOEBUS by moving circulair  
 From Capricorn was enter'd in Aquarie,  
 With blastis that the branches made full bare,  
 The snow and sleet perturbit all the air,  
 And flemite FLORA from everie bank and bus,  
 Throuch support of the austeir Eolus.

II.

Efter that I the lang wynteris night  
 Had lyne waking in my bed allone  
 Throw hevy thought, that na way sleep I micht,  
 Remembering of divers thingis gone :  
 Sa up I rois, and cleithit me anone  
 By this fair Titan with his lemis licht  
 O'er all the land had spread his baner bricht.

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## III.

With cloke and hude I dressit me belive,  
With dowbill schone, and myttains on my handis,  
Howbeit the air was richt penetratyve,  
Zet fure I forth lansing ourthort the landis,  
Towards the sea, to schort me on the fandis  
Becaus unblomit was baith bank and bray,  
And sa as I was passing by the way,

## IV.

I met dame FLORA in dule weid disagysit,  
Quilk into May was dulce and delectabill,  
With stalwart stornis hir sweetnes was surprisit,  
Hir heavinlie hewis war turnit into fabill,  
Quilkis umquile war to Luffaris amiabill,  
Fled from the froist, the tender flouris I saw  
Under dame Nature's mantill lurking law.

## V.

The small fowlis in flockis saw I flee  
To nature makand lamentatioun,  
They lichit down beside me on ane tree,  
Of their complaint I had compassioun,  
And with ane piteous exclamacion  
They said " blyssit be somer with his flouris,  
" And waryit be thou wynter with thy schowris.

## VI.

“ Allace AURORE, (the fillie lark did cry)  
 “ Quhair has thou left thy balmy liquor sweit,  
 “ That us rejoisit mounting in the sky ?  
 “ Thy silver drops are turned into sleit.  
 “ Of fair PHEBUS quhair is the holsum heit,  
 “ Quhuy tholis thow thy hevinlie plesand face,  
 “ With mystie vapouris to be obscurit, allace !

## VII.

“ Quhair art thou May, with June thy sister schene  
 “ Weill bordourit with daseis of delyte ?  
 “ And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,  
 “ Enamelit with rosis reid and quhyte ?  
 “ Now auld and cauld Januar in dispyte  
 “ Reiffis from us all pastime and plesure  
 “ Allace ! quhauit gentill hart may this indure ?

## VIII.

“ Ovirsilit ar with cloudis odious  
 “ The goldin skyis of the orient,  
 “ Changeing in sorrow our sing melodious,  
 “ Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,  
 “ Resoundand to the hevinnis firmament,  
 “ But now our day is changed into the nicht,”  
 With that they rose and flew forth of my ficht.

## H A R D Y K N U T E

## A FRAGMENT.

## I.

**S**TATELY stept he east the wa,  
 And stately stept he west,  
 Full sevnty zeirs he now had sene,  
 With skeris seven zeirs of rest.  
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith  
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae :  
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
 He was their deidly fae.

## II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
 With halls and touris a hicht,  
 And guidly chambers fair to se,  
 Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.  
 His Dame sae peirleis anes and fair,  
 For chast and bewtie deimt,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Seif ELENOR the queen.

## III.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,  
All men of valour stout ;  
In bluidy ficht with sword in hand  
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;  
Four zit remain, lang may they live  
To stand my liege and land :  
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,  
And hie was their command.

## IV.

Great luve they bare to FAIRLY fair,  
Their sister saft and deir,  
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,  
And gowden glist her hair.  
Quhat waefau wae her bewtie bred ?  
Waefou to zung and auld,  
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,  
As story ever tauld.

## V.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,  
Puft up with powir and micht,  
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,  
With mony a hardy knicht :  
The tydings to our gude Scots king  
Came, as he sat at dyne,  
With noble chiefs in braif aray,  
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

## VI.

“ To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,  
 “ Zour faes stand on the strand,  
 “ Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
 “ The king of Norse commands.  
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,  
 Our gude king raise and cry'd,  
 A trustier beast in all the land  
 A Scots king nevir seyd.

## VII.

Go little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,  
 That lives on hill so hie,  
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,  
 And haste and follow me.  
 The little page flew swift as dart  
 Flung by his masters arm,  
 Cum down, cum down lord HARDYKNUTE,  
 And rid zour king frae harm.

## VIII.

Then reid, reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,  
 In dangers great to do;  
 He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſſ,  
 And gien five sounds fae shrill,  
 That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,  
Had pasd the summer's morn,  
Quhen lo! down in a grassy dale,  
They heard their fatheris horn.  
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,  
We haif other sport to byde ;  
And sune they heyd them up the hill,  
Aud sune were at his syde.

## X.

Late, late the zeftrene I weind in peace  
To end my lengthen'd lyfe,  
My age micht weil excuse my arm  
Frae manly feats of stryfe ;  
But now that NORSE dois proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to inthrall,  
Its neir be said of HARDYKNUTE  
He feard to ficht or fall.

## XI.

ROBIN of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
Thy arrows shcute sae leil,  
Many a comely countenance  
They haif turnd to deidly pale :  
Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,  
Ze neid nae weapons mair,  
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes  
Gainst Westmorlands ferfs heir.

## XII.

MALCOM, licht of fute as stag  
 That runs in forest wyld,  
 Get me my thousands thrie of men  
 Well bred to sword and schield :  
 Bring me my Horse and harnisine  
 My blade of mettal cleir ;  
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,  
 They sune had fled for feir.

## XIII.

Farewell my dame sae peirless gude,  
 And tuke hir by the hand,  
 Fairer to me in age zou feim,  
 Than maids for bewtie fam'd :  
 My zoungeſt ſon fall here remain  
 To guard theſe ſtately towirs,  
 And shut the ſilver bolt that keips,  
 Sae fast zour painted bowirs.

## XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet her comely cheiks,  
 And then hir boddice grene,  
 Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,  
 Weil plett with ſilver ſchene ;  
 And apron ſet with mony a dice  
 Of neidle-wark ſae rare,  
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,  
 Saif that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,  
Owre hills and mony a glen,  
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht  
    Making a heavy mane ;  
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
    By treacheries false gyles ;  
Witless I was that eir gaif faith  
    To wicked womans smiles.

XVI.

Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,  
    To lean on silken seat,  
To ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,  
    Quha neir stend deidly hate !  
Hir self wald watch ze all the day,  
    Hir maids a deid of nicht ;  
And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,  
    As scho stands in zour ficht.

XVII.

Aryse zoungh knicht, and mount zour steid,  
    Full lowns the shynand day,  
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis  
    To leid ze on the way.  
With smyless luke, and visage wan  
    The wounded knicht replyd,  
Kycd chiftain, zour intent pursue,  
    For heir I maun abyde.

## XVIII.

To me nae after day nor nicht,  
 Can eir be sweit or fair,  
 But fune beneath sum draping tree,  
 Cauld death fall end my care.  
 With him nae pleiding micht prevail,  
 Brave HARDYKNUTE in to gain,  
 With fairest words and reason strong,  
 Strave courteously in vain.

## XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,  
 Lord CHATTANS land sae wyde,  
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay,  
 Quhen faes his courage seyd :  
 Of Pictish race by mothers syde,  
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,  
 Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,  
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

## XX.

Now with his fers and stalwart train,  
 He reicht a rysing heicht,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,  
 Nors menzie lay in ficht ;  
 Zonder my valiant sons and fers,  
 Our raging revers wait  
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird  
 To try with us thair fate.

## H A R D Y K N U T E.

131

### XXI.

Mak orisons to him that saift  
Our fauls upon the rude,  
Syne braifly schaw zour veins ar filld  
With Caledonian blude.  
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive  
Quhyle thousands all arround,  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,  
And loud the bougills sound.

### XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill  
In haft his merch he made,  
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit  
Afore him stately strade ;  
Thryse welcum, valziant stoup of weir,  
Thy nations scheild and prude ;  
Thy king na reason has to feir  
Quhen thou art by his syde.

### XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,  
For thrang scarce could they flie,  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the trie.  
Lang did they rage and ficht full fers,  
With little skaith to man,  
But bludy, bludy was the field,  
Or that lang day was done.

## XXIV.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd  
 The war that luikt lyke play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
 Sen bows feimt but delay :  
 Quoth noble ROTH SAY, myne I'll keip,  
 I wate its bleid a skore.  
 Haft up my merry men, cryd the king,  
 As he rade on before.

## XXV.

The king of Norse he socht to find,  
 With him to mense the faucht,  
 But on his forehead there did licht  
 A sharp unsontie shaft ;  
 As he his hand put up to find  
 The wound, an arrow kene,  
 O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand  
 In midft betwene his ene.

## XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cryd ROTH SAY'S heir,  
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde  
 The strength and sharpnes of my dart ;  
 Then fent it through his fyde :  
 Another arrow weil he markd,  
 It persit his neck in twa,  
 His hands then quat the silver reins,  
 His law as eard did fa.

## XXVII.

Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids,  
Again with micht he drew  
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,  
Faft the breid arrow flew :  
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,  
Lament now quene ELGREID,  
Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,  
His zouth and comely meid.

## XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe  
(Of gold weil was it twynd,  
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk  
His stellyn harness shynd)  
Take, NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid  
Him venge the blude it beirs ;  
Say, if he face my bended bow,  
He sure na weapon fears.

## XXIX.

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,  
Braid shoulder and arms strong,  
Cryd, quhair is HARDYKNUTE fae famd,  
And feird at Britains throne ?  
Tho Britons tremble at his name,  
I sune fall make him wail,  
That eir my sword was made fae sharp,  
Sae saft his coat of mail.

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,  
 It lent him zouthfou micht :  
 I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,  
 To Scotlands king I hecht,  
 To lay thee law at horses hufe,  
 My word I mean to keip.  
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake,  
 He garrd his body bleid.

## XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray gosehawks staired wyld,  
 He ficht with shame and spyte ;  
 Disgracd is now my far famd arm  
 That left thee power to stryke :  
 Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,  
 It made him down to stoup,  
 As law as he to ladies usit  
 In courtly gyse to lout.

## XXXII.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marvell'd fair,  
 Sen blaws till then on him but darrd  
 As touch of FAIRLY fair :  
 NORSE ferliet too as fair as he  
 To se his stately luke,  
 Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,  
 Sae sune his lyse he tuke.

## XXXIII.

Quhair like a fyre to hether set,  
Bauld THOMAS did advance,  
A sturdy fae with luke enragd  
Up towards him did prance ;  
He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks  
The hardy zouth to quell  
Quha stude unmusit at his approach  
His furie to repell.

## XXXIV.

That schort brown shaft fae meanly trimd,  
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,  
But dreidfull seims the rusty point !  
And loud he leuch in jeir.  
Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne  
This poynt cut short their vaunt ;  
Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,  
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

## XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,  
His stirrip was nae stay,  
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,  
Sure taken he was fey :  
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,  
Richt far was hard the thud,  
But THOMAS luikt not as he lay,  
All waltering in his blude.

## XXXVI.

With cairles gesture mynd unmuvit  
 On raid he north the plain,  
 His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,  
 Quhen winner ay the same ;  
 Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,  
 Coud meise saft lufe to bruik,  
 Till vengeful ANN returnd his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his luke.

## XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,  
 Neir to aryse again !  
 Neir to return to native land,  
 Nea mair with blythfom sounds,  
 To boist the glories of the day,  
 And schaw thair shyning wounds.

## XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks with teirs,  
 May lang luke owre the schiples seis  
 Befoir hir mate appeirs.  
 Ceise, EMMA, ceise to hope in vain,  
 Thy lord lyis in the clay,  
 The valzient Scots nae revers thole  
 To carry lyfe away.

## XXXIX.

There on a lie quhair stands a cross  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands full fierce that summers day  
 Filld kene waris black intent,  
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise HARDYKNUTE,  
 Let NORSE the name ay dreid,  
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,  
 Sal latest ages reid.

## XL.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy showir,  
 Mirk grew the nicht eir HARDYKNUTE  
 Wan neir his stately tower,  
 His towir that usd with torches bleise  
 To shyne fae far at nicht,  
 Seimd now as black as mourning-weid,  
 Nae marvel fair he fichtd.

## XLI.

Thairs nae licht in my lady's bowir  
 Thairs nae licht in my hall,  
 Nae blink shynes round my FAIRLY fair,  
 Nor ward stands on my wall.  
 Quhat bodes it? ROBERT, THOMAS say,  
 Nae answer fits their dreid.  
 Stand back, my sons, I'll be zour gyde,  
 But by they past with speid.

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## XLII.

As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,  
There ceist his brag of weir,  
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,  
And maiden FAIRLY fair.  
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir  
He wist not zit with dreid ;  
Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,  
And all the warrior fled.



O D E  
ON LYRIC POETRY.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

ONCE more I join the Thespian quire,  
And taste th' inspiring fount again :  
O parent of the Græcian lyre,  
Admit me to thy secret strain —  
And lo ! with ease my step invades  
The pathless vale and opening shades,  
Till now I spy her verdant seat ;  
And now at large I drink the sound,  
While these her offspring, list'ning round,  
By turns her melody repeat.

I see ANACREON smile and sing :  
His silver tresses breathe perfume ;  
His cheek displays a second spring  
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.  
Away, deceitful cares, away !  
And let me listen to his lay,

While flow'ry dreams my soul employ ;  
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours  
 Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,  
 Lead Youth and Love, and harmless Joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,  
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,  
 With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,  
 The \* Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords :

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,  
 Ye curst of Gods and freeborn men,  
 Ye murd'rors of the laws,  
 Tho' now you glory in your lust,  
 Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,  
 Yet time and righteous JOYE will judge your dreadful cause.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs  
 Descends the radiant queen of love ;  
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares  
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move :  
 Why is my faithful maid distrest ?  
 Why, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breast ?

\* **ALCÆUS** of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had inflav'd it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble invectives which are so much applauded by the ancient Critics.

Say, flies he? - - - Soon he shall pursue:  
Shuns he thy gifts? - - - He too shall give:  
Slights he thy sorrows? - - - He shall grieve,  
And bend him to thy haughtiest vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom  
Awakes thy golden shell again?  
What mortal breath shall e'er presume  
To echo that unbounded strain?  
Majestic in the frown of years,  
Behold, the \* Man of Thebes appears:  
For some there are, whose mighty frame  
The hand of JOVE at birth indow'd  
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;  
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,  
And clamours far below. - - - Propitious Muse,  
While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,  
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,  
To polish Albion's warlike ear  
This long-lost melody to hear,  
Thy sweetest arts employ;  
As when the winds from shore to shore,  
Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,  
Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy.

\* PINDAR.

But oft amid the Græcian throng,  
The loose-rob'd forms of wild desire  
With lawless notes intun'd thy song,  
To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.  
O fair, O chaste, be still with me  
From such profaner discord free :  
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,  
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,  
No satyrs fierce with savage flames  
Thy pleasing accents shall invade.  
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat  
The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow ;  
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,  
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.  
Thy strings attune their varied strain  
To every pleasure, every pain,  
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,  
And strait our passions rise or fall,  
As at the wind's imperious call  
The ocean swells, the billows move.

When midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,  
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear :  
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,  
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.

And ever watchful at thy side,  
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide

The tenour of thy lay :  
To her of old by JOVE was giv'n  
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n ;  
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours resign'd  
I quit the maze where science toils,  
Do thou refresh my yielding mind  
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.  
But, O indulgent, come not nigh  
The busy steps, the jealous eye  
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,  
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,  
And hold as foes to reason's reign  
Whome'er thy lovely haunts ingage.

With me, when mirth's consenting band  
Around fair friendship's genial board  
Invite the heart-awakening hand,  
With me salute the Teian chord.  
Or if invok'd at softer hours,  
O seek with me the happy bow'r's  
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue ;  
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,  
To love devoid of jealous pain,  
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

But when from envy and from death to claim  
A hero bleeding for his native land ;  
Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,  
I hear my GENIUS utter his command,  
Nor Thebian voice, nor Lesbian lyre  
From thee, O Muse, do I require,  
While my prophetic mind,  
Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,  
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,  
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

F I N I S.

15 JY 64